

THE BEACON



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AND THE HOME



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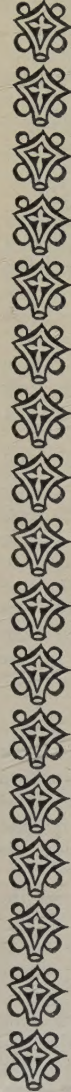
A Laughing Chorus.

Oh, such a commotion under the ground
When March called, "Ho, there! ho!"
Such spreading of rootlets far and wide,
Such whispering to and fro;
And, "Are you ready?" the Snowdrop asked,
" 'Tis time to start, you know."
"Almost, my dear," the Scilla replied;
"I'll follow as soon as you go."
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low,
From millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

"I'll promise my blossoms," the Crocus said,
"When I hear the bluebirds sing."
And straight thereafter, Narcissus cried,
"My silver and gold I'll bring."
"And ere they are dulled," another spoke,
"The Hyacinth bells shall ring."
And the Violet only murmured, "I'm here,"
And sweet grew the air of spring.
Then, "Ha! ha! ha!" a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low,
From the millions of flowers under the
ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Oh, the pretty brave things, through the
coldest days,
Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast
shrieked loud,
And the sleet and the hail came down,
But patiently each wrought her beautiful
dress,
Or fashioned her beautiful gown;
And now they are coming to brighten the
world,
Still shadowed by Winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha!
ha!"
In a chorus soft and low,
The million of flowers hid under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

Selected.



THE MASTER AND THE MASCOT.

The Master and the Mascot.

Some of our readers will recognize in the Scout-master whose picture is here given the Rev. Franklin D. Elmer, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y., who helped us at the Teachers' Institute at the Isles of Shoals, last summer. We remember him and love him because he was so big-hearted that he could forget that he was a Baptist and we Unitarians, and join with us in teaching, in learning, in preaching, and in playing. The "Mascot," watching the Scout-master tie a knot, is Franklin D. Elmer, Jr.

Mr. Elmer is not only a Scout-master, he has written about the Scout movement. From a recent article by him we cull these sentences:

"In the development of the four big M's,—mind, morals, muscle, manhood,—in our growing youth, educators have long realized the importance of play. The boy craves the companionship of men as a buffalo does the salt-lick. He will have it. Here, then, is the tremendous opportunity for the big-brother movement as exemplified in the Boy Scouts of America. It is a movement of men for their younger brothers, a free-blown,

full-lunged, red-blooded influence in the development of the hardy qualities.

"Every phase of Scout practice is related to hardihood, common sense, efficiency. A field-glass and a shelter-tree are worthier symbols of manliness than a high collar and a billiard-cue. The churches of the future may be built up in the troops of today."

We recommend to our readers who want to know all about this movement that they write to the Boy Scout Headquarters, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, enclosing thirty cents, and ask for a Scout Handbook. It is worth owning.

For The Beacon.

The Plot at Camp Snowball.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

In Six Chapters. Chapter Two.

"Anyway, it looks enough like a bear's den, whether it is one or not," said Kinks, marching back through the passage with her shovel, Pearl and Ned at her heels.

The log house in which Kinks lived was a little larger than the other and had a back door opening straight out into the bushes.

Mr. Kingsley, who had been sick and had come up here in the great woods to get strong again, could not do any snow shoveling, but Kinks had got that back door open and dug out what she called "a good-sized hunk" from the huge drift at the back of the house.

Standing in the place where the "hunk" had been, the children could just look across the top of the drift which reached back to a wall of bushes and trees a little way off.

"There, now look, Ned: you're the tallest. You see how it's piled up clear to those trees and bushes. Well, those trees are right at the top of a ravine they call Bear Hollow, father says, because there's always such a lot of bears there. Now don't you see, right in the middle of a snarl of bushes, a big white hump that looks like a hut of some kind all covered up with snow?"

"Yes, I do see it," cried Ned and Pearl together as they stood on tiptoe craning their necks over the top of the drift.

"Well, Pa says that isn't a bear's den, but I'd like to know how he knows when he hasn't been out to see. It's right on the edge of Bear Hollow, anyway, and I'm just going to dig a path out to it and see what it is."

"Hurrah, I'll help," shouted Ned, making a dive at the drift with the shovel he had brought.

"Me too! only, if the bears come out and run at us you'll have to drive them away, Kinks," said Pearl, pulling on her mittens.

It was hard work digging a path to the white hump out there in the bushes. It was not very far away, but the drift was as high as their heads in most places, and the snow they dug out had to be thrown up out of the trench in which they stood. But they kept at it till Ned could touch the white hump with his shovel.

"It's covered pretty deep with snow, whatever it is," he said, "and it stands right in a whopping deep drift, besides. It's another Camp Snowball, I guess, only smaller. Say, what'll you bet it's an Indian wigwam with Indians inside!"

"Let's dig off the snow and see," proposed Kinks in great excitement. "Indians would be 'most as much fun as bears, wouldn't they?"

They all fell to work with their shovels to scrape the snow from the round white thing that did begin to look like a hut.

"Yes, it's made of poles. I've got to the wall," shouted Ned, thumping his shovel on something hard.

"Tisn't bears, then: they wouldn't build houses of poles," gasped Kinks. "Oh, do hurry up!"

"Look out," warned Ned, turning her shovel aside just in time to prevent its going through a little window in the back wall of the strange camp.

"A window! Oh, Kinks, would you dare to look in?" whispered Pearl, but Kinks was already pressing her small nose close to the one pane of glass.

She took a long look and then stepped back.

"You look, Ned. I guess it's something queerer than Indians or bears, either; but I can't tell what to think of it."

Ned looked and his eyes grew wide with astonishment.

"I should call it a squirrels' boarding-house," he said.

The inside of the hut was rather dark, but cosy and snug, and there was a handsome small fir and a hemlock growing up where the floor should have been. The camp seemed to have been built over and around those two little trees. There were boxes nailed to the wall and filled with downy tips of boughs.

"Squirrel bunks!" whistled Ned. "And I see a box of acorns down in the corner and some ears of corn hanging on the wall. And just look at the squirrels."

They counted six big gray ones through the pane of glass, and a little red one poked his nose out of the fir boughs and stole a kernel of corn very neatly, though he seemed bashful among so many silvery coated gentlemen.

"Who keeps them shut up here, and how does he get to them to feed them?" asked Kinks. "Nobody's been near them since we came here, I know. You don't suppose the old wretch shuts them up here and lets them starve to death?"

"Maybe it's some fur-hunter, and he's going to kill them when he gets ready and sell the skins," suggested Ned. "Or maybe he eats squirrels—some folks do."

"Let's let 'em out," cried Kinks, indignantly.

"I don't think we'd better—not yet, anyway," Ned answered. "You see they're all right for now and have got enough to eat. But it seems mean to keep them shut up. Gray squirrels and reds live outdoors all winter and like it, I guess. We'll keep watch and see what happens. Of course whoever put them in here will be along some time."

"I'll tell you how to catch him," said a voice behind them, and they turned to see the boy who had brought the basket from the lumber camp. He must have been making a call at Kinks' house, for he had come out of the back door and down the path they had dug in the snow.

"Oh, it's Charlie!" cried Kinks, and the boy nodded.

"Whistling Charlie," he said, and began to whistle so like a bird that they stared at him in astonishment.

"If you want to see the old chap that keeps the squirrels," he said, stopping his whistling as suddenly as he had begun, "you watch for a light in the hut to-night. I expect he comes after dark to visit them. He'll have to have a lantern, and you can see him all right through the window."

"Have you seen him, Charlie?" demanded the children, but Charlie only laughed and went off up the path, saying that they would be looking for him at the camp by this time.

"I'm going to watch for that light every minute," declared Kinks. "We'll make a plot to set those squirrels free, and you see if we don't do it. Maybe it wouldn't be right to let them out behind that old man's back, but there's other ways. You be thinking how, and, when you hear me give three knocks on the door in the passage, you'll know that there's a light in the hut. Then we'll go and catch him."

Ned and Pearl had finished supper that

night and helped their mother, who was not quite well yet, into bed, when the three knocks came on the door in the wall.

They opened it and there stood Kinks, with her finger on her lip.

"It's come," she whispered. "As true as you live there's a light in the hut."

She led them through the passage and out of the back door.

Sure enough, the little window in the hut was all luminous in the dusk.

(To be continued.)

The Little Brother.

BY J. W. FOLEY.

He's not as big as we, or strong,

But when we go somewhere

He always wants to go along,

And wants to have his share

Of all the fun; but he's tired out

Before we go a mile,

So then we boys take turn about

And carry him a while.

His feet aren't brown and tough like ours,

But white and tender, too;

So he can't stand a couple hours

Of walking as we do.

And, when we reach a stony place,

He looks up with a smile,

And then somebody pats his face,

And carries him a while.

And then he wraps his arms around

Your neck and holds on tight

Until he gets down on the ground

Again, and walks all right.

And my! He runs and jumps about

And feels his very best,

Because when he was tired out

He had a little rest.

And, if we have to cross the creek

On stepping-stones, you see,

You hear him pipe up shrill and speak,

"Who's going to carry me?"

And then Bill Briggs or Henry Jones

Will lift him the same way

And walk across the slippery stones

As if it was just play.

And he is never scared at all,

Because he always knows

That none of us will let him fall,

No matter where he goes.

And, if his legs should start to ache

From how he runs and plays,

He knows some one of us will take

And carry him a ways.

And, when we're going home at last

And pretty nearly there,

We carry him, and he is fast

Asleep and doesn't care

For any troubles in the world.

He never knows it's night,

And both his little arms are curled

Around your neck so tight.

The Youth's Companion.

It was time for baby girl to be in bed, and father offered to lie on the bed till she fell asleep. Off she went pickaback, and the tired mother leaned back in her chair. Ten minutes—twenty—half an hour, and she was wondering when father would be down when she heard a soft pit-a-pat. Then a little white-robed form stood in the doorway. "Hush, hush, muvver," she said: "I's got farver to sleep."

The Tamed Fox.

BY JAMES MASCARENE.

One day when George Tierney was in the woods not far from his house, he saw a hole in the ground just at the foot of a rock, and he said to himself: "I wonder what lives there? I wish I knew." Then he thought that, if he put some bread crumbs round the hole and should go and hide himself behind a tree near by, perhaps the creature would come out of its hole and get them. So he went home and asked his mother for a crust of bread, but without telling her what he wanted it for. She gave it to him, and he went back to the hole and crumbled it all up round it, and then went and hid. But nothing came out, and he heard his mother calling him, so he went back home.

The next day he took some more bread with him when he went to the hole, and he was very glad to see that there was not anything left of what he took the day before. Again he scattered the crumbs and hid and watched, but nothing came, and he had to go back home, for it was dinner time. He did not give it up, but went day after day with all sorts of things,—bread, scraps of meat, little bones, corn kernels, and oats.

At last one day he thought he would go in the morning, instead of the middle of the day. Nobody was up when he crept out of the house, and the roosters had just begun to crow. It was just the right thing to do; for he had hardly got behind the tree, after scattering the crumbs and other things, when out of the hole came a little fox, to his great delight.

It was as much as he could do to keep from telling about it at breakfast; but he had made up his mind that he would try and tame the fox, and then surprise them with it. So he went morning after morning, except the rainy ones, and several times the fox came out before he had time to hide. Then one morning he thought to himself, "I won't hide, but I'll sit right down here by the hole." And, sure enough, out came the fox, and did not seem to mind him at all, for he kept as still as a mouse.

James had seen George get up early, and had asked him what he did it for; but George only said, "Because I want to."

But one morning, after George had gone, James said to himself, "I'll get up and see what he does." He dressed quickly, and got to the kitchen door just in time to see George going into the woods with something in his hand. He ran after him very still, and, when he got very near the hole, there was George, sitting on the ground, holding out his hand, and a fox was taking something out of it, while three little foxes were playing round their mother.

James thought he never saw a prettier sight in his life, but he did not let George see him, and went back home, wishing that he had done this. That morning at breakfast James told what he had seen, and it seemed as if Mary and Rachel would go crazy, so anxious were they to see the dear little things. Then George told all about it, and said that he had wanted to see if he could not tame them before telling about it.

The next morning father and mother, Mary, Rachel, and James were out there, hidden by the trees, and watched while George went up to the hole. Before he had dropped anything, they saw a nose peep out of the hole, and then out came the fox and her little ones. She went to George's



MR. BAYNES AND HIS PET FOX.

Photograph by Louise Birt Baynes.

hand and began to eat her breakfast as if she enjoyed it. The little ones came up and let George stroke them with his free hand. When George came back to where the family was, I think he was the proudest boy in the State.

Youth's Companion.

The Buds.

BY SOPHIA W. BROWER.

In Treeland, fur-lined overcoats
Are quite in vogue, they say,
And many of the little buds
Are wearing them to-day.

Some of them wear waterproofs,
Till they begin to grow,
And all through winter's cold and storm
Are safe from ice and snow.

All the way through Treeland Town,
These wee brown coats are seen;
In summer time they toss them off,
And then appear in green.

Kindergarten Review.

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's joy. The lonely pine on the mountain-top waves its sombre boughs, and cries, "Thou art my sun!" And the little meadow violet lifts its cup of blue, and whispers with its perfumed breath, "Thou art my sun!" And the grain in a thousand fields rustles in the wind, and makes answer, "Thou art my sun!" So God sits, effulgent, in heaven, not for a favored few, but for the universe of life; and there is no creature so poor or so low that he may not look up with childlike confidence, and say, "My Father, thou art mine!"

BEECHER.

Illustrating Stories.

See explanatory note in No. 22, page 91.

All contributions should be sent to Miss Frances M. Dadmun, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

THE CALL OF MOSES.

Moses, the adopted son of Pharaoh's daughter, was watching a group of Hebrews making bricks. Their backs were bent, the hot sun made the sand burn under their bare feet, there was a scorching heat from the brick-kiln, but they worked incessantly. If they stopped to straighten their tired muscles, they felt the sting of a lash on their thin shoulders, and the overseer sternly bade them not to lose time, but to keep on working. Moses thought of the cities which these poor slaves had built, of the monuments and store-houses and tombs, of the royal palace where the air was cooled by great fans swayed by more slaves. He grew angry at the injustice of it.

He knew that he, too, was a Hebrew, that he might not have lived, even to make bricks, but for a happy accident. At the time of his birth, Pharaoh had commanded that no boy babies of the Hebrews should be allowed to live. Moses' mother hid him for three months in her own house; then, when he was too large a child to hide any longer, she put him in a basket of bulrushes, plastered on the outside with slime and pitch to keep out the water, and left him floating on the edge of the river near tall flags. His sister concealed herself near by and waited to see what would happen. By good fortune Pharaoh's daughter came down to the river to bathe, and her maids, walking along the bank, discovered the baby in the basket. As they picked him up, he cried pitifully, and the princess had him close in her arms at once.

"Poor child," she said, "he is one of the Hebrews' children."

Now Moses' sister had slipped in among the other women, and, when she heard this, she said:

"Shall I go and call a nurse from among the Hebrew women?"

"Go," commanded the Princess.

Of course Moses' own mother was called to be his nurse, but Pharaoh's daughter did not know that, and, as soon as Moses was old enough, she had him taken to the palace, and educated as her son.

Although he lived like an Egyptian prince, Moses never forgot that he was a Hebrew. His mother had taught him the history of his people,—how they had been formerly honored in Egypt and been given the fertile land of Goshen for a home through the influence of Joseph; how, when Joseph and the good king he had served were dead, another king had made slaves of them. Moses knew Pharaoh well,—his ambition for splendid buildings which made him keep the Israelites at work, his fear that they might become powerful enemies, which provoked him to treat them cruelly. Moses wished there might be some way of escape, but he saw none as yet.

One day, when he saw an Egyptian overseer striking a Hebrew, he could endure it no longer. Looking all around and seeing no one, he struck the Egyptian such a blow that he fell dead. The Hebrew ran away, cowering, and Moses hastily scooped out a grave and buried the overseer's body in the sand.

On the following day he saw two Hebrews quarreling, and knowing which was in the wrong, said:

"Why dost thou strike him?"

The man he had rebuked, being jealous of Moses, resented interference, and retorted:

"Who made thee a prince and a judge over us? Dost thou mean to kill me as thou didst kill the Egyptian?"

Moses stood as if turned to stone. It was known, then, that he had killed a man. Who did not know? Pharaoh knew. He was then even planning to put Moses to death, not because he had killed an Egyptian, but because he had openly shown sympathy for the Hebrews.

Fortunately, Moses learned this in time. He escaped from Egypt, and, after days of wandering and nights spent in the shelter of rocks or bushes, he came to a land called Midian, and sat down beside a well, hoping that some one might come to draw water. Yes, there was some one coming now. She was tall and strong, and with her came six other young women, leading their flocks to the drinking-troughs.

As they came, some rude shepherds ran up from another direction and began to drive them away; but Moses' sense of justice blazed again, and he drove off the shepherds with such energy that they were glad to put a long distance between themselves and his stick. Then he filled the troughs and watered the sheep himself.

The young women thanked him and went away; but soon two of them came running back, calling:

"Our father says thou must come home with us and have something to eat."

Moses went gladly, for it was some time since he had eaten anything except what he could find in the desert.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

For The Beacon.

How the Eagle was Saved.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

Once a man captured an eagle and shut it up in a cage. He gave it all the food it needed, and did everything he could for its comfort. But, in spite of all the care given to it, the eagle grew weaker and weaker. At last it lay down on the floor of the cage to die.

Seeing its condition, and knowing that it would surely die if left in the cage, the man who had captured it decided to let it go. So he carried it high up on the mountain, where it had been caught, and placed it upon the top of a great, flat rock.

It lay there perfectly still, with its eyes closed. It had apparently lost all hope of life, and wanted nothing but death. The life in the cage had broken its proud spirit, and it had lost the very desire to fly.

While it lay there on the rock, another eagle, soaring high in the air above it, saw it, and came swooping down to see what was the matter. Nearer and nearer it came, until its great wings fanned the body of the other. Again and again it swooped down, as though to stir the prostrate bird to life and action once more.

Finally the bird opened its eyes and looked at the eagle in the air. Then it made a feeble attempt to rise, but fell back upon the rock. At last, however, it made one mighty effort, stood upon its feet, spread its wings, and flew off into the blue of the sky above it.

Would you not like to have stood near by that day, and watched the big bird soar into the sky? If you had been an eagle, would you not have loved to have been the one that stirred the other to new life, and sent it soaring into the blue?

Well, every one of us can do just the very same work for human beings like ourselves. Surely that is even better and more splendid than the other.

All around us are people who are tired and discouraged. They have been imprisoned in some cage of vice, until they have lost all hope of doing anything great or good. Or they have failed in doing the work they desired to do, and have lost faith in themselves because of it.

But you and I can go to them, and stir them with the touch of sympathy. We can help them to have new hope by doing the very best we can ourselves. By doing the noble deed we always make it easier for every one else to do it also.

There is the power of example. Everything seems easier to do when you see it done. Just as the eagle on the rock was given new power and courage by seeing the other eagle swooping above it, so weak people are made stronger by seeing others do noble deeds.

Then there is the power of sympathy as well. It, perhaps, is even greater than that of example. It always stirs people to do their best. It gives them hope when nothing else can. It will give a man courage if anything in the world will.

What I mean by this is, that if you see any boy or girl who needs your help, and who is discouraged and sad, say a kind word, show your sympathy, and you will make them able to do better things. There are so many people whose lives can be changed by the word that you and I can say or the deed that we can do.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLIII.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 7, 3, 8, 16, is precious.

My 19, 8, 18, 2, 20, 9, 3, is not successful.

My 14, 8, 20, 7, is a girl's name.

My 1, 21, 20, 15, 1, 18, 16, 7, is a bird.

My 5, 13, 6, 11, 12, 10, is to boil.

My 17, 12, 8, 18, 9, 4, are useful articles of furniture.

My whole is a saying of Jesus.

MAUD TUELL.

ENIGMA XLIV.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 4, 5, 6, is something to eat.

My 9, 12, 11, 2, is at this place.

My 8, 10, 7, is to drink slowly.

My 7, 10, 1, is to fasten.

My 3, 5, 8, 7, stings.

My whole is one of the United States.

HOWARD JAMISON.

SOME BIRDS.

1. What bird belongs to the Church of Rome?
2. What bird gave the name to a well-known poem?
3. What bird was caught thieving?
4. What bird is a colored letter?
5. What bird likes gay escapades?
6. What bird do boys like on a windy day?
7. What bird stands in the fireplace?

A DIAMOND.

A consonant.

A part of the verb to be.

Very swift.

An offense.

A consonant.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

I am a fruit composed of five letters. Behead me, and I am what all plants and animals do; read me backward, thus beheaded, and I am what nobody should ever do; transpose me, and I am what nobody should ever be; strike out one letter, transpose again, and I am what nobody should ever tell. Take me whole again, drop my two end letters, transpose me, and I am made in writing what I am often actually made into. Serve me on your table either whole or in this last form.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 22.

ENIGMA XXXIX.—Henry Ward Beecher.

ENIGMA XL.—Revelation.

A RIDDLE.—Our Faith.

INITIALS.—Ail, hail, mail, nail, rail, sail, tail, wail.

In all things throughout the world the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.

JOHN RUSKIN.

THE BEACON.

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